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CLIVE BARKER'S The HARROWERS RAIDERS OF THE ABYSS



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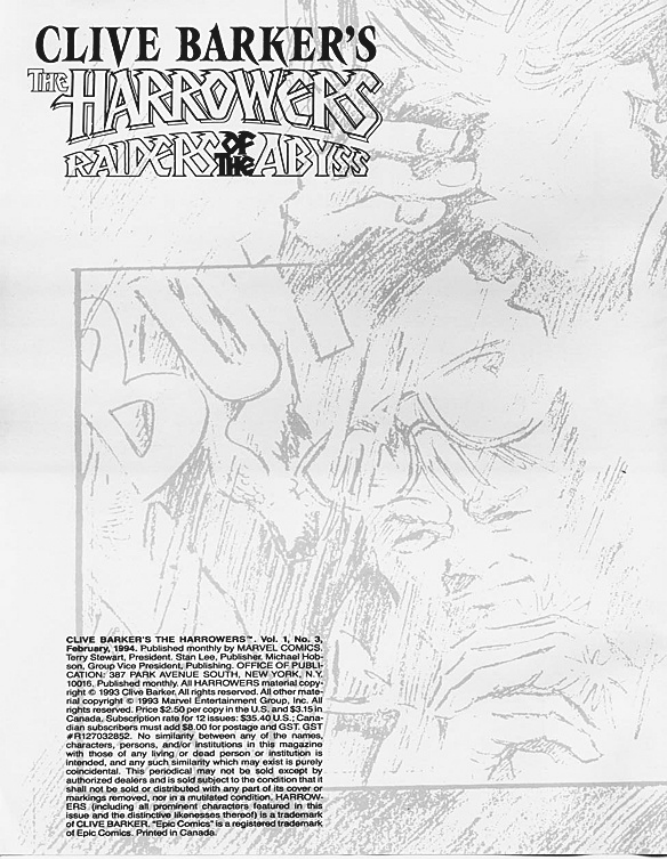


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Colan

CLIVE BARKER'S THE HARROWERS RAIDERS OF THE ABYSS



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IMMORTAL LONGINGS

PART ONE

CLIVE BARKER

CREATOR/CONSULTANT

MALCOLM SMITH

WRITER

GENE COLAN

PENCILLER

VICKIE WILLIAMS

LETTERER

TOM SMITH

COLORIST

MIKE LACKEY

EDITOR

CARL POTTS

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

TOM DEFALCO

EDITOR IN CHIEF

DUBLIN MORSE, HARROWER
EXTRAORDINAIRE, HAS NEVER
FELT MORE INTENSE PAIN
IN HIS LIFE.

WHAT WAS HAPPENING
TO HIM ?!

HOW HAD HE
GOTTEN
HERE ?!

ONE AT A TIME HIS FINGERS BROKE
WITH THE POP OF A PARTY
FAVOR AS WOODEN SPIKES SMASHED
DOWN BETWEEN THEM.

TOO MUCH. DUBLIN WAS
LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS...

OR REGAINING IT.

JUST A DREAM...

YEEEOOOWW!

MUST'VE
SLEPT ON
IT.

OH MAN--
SEEMED SO
REAL.

QUIT
DENYING IT--
JERK--

--SEEMED
REAL, BECAUSE IT
WAS REAL.

I'M NOT
MY BROTHER'S
KEEPER...

ONLY PERSON
I LOOK OUT FOR
IS ME--ME AND
MR. JACK.

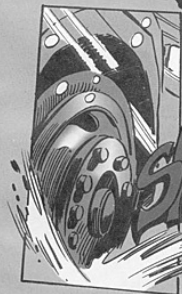
CHRISTMAS IN MANHATTAN--

--SANTAS ON EVERY CORNER,
LAST MINUTE PRESENT
SHOPPING, THE SMELL OF
STREET VENDORS ROASTING
CHESTNUTS...

LAMAR JOHNSON
LOVES IT ALL.

ON THE FIFTH DAY OF
CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE
LOVE GAVE TO ME...

HEY
MYSTER!
WATCH
OUT!



TWELVE HOURS AGO,
TIMMY LEWIS
WAS RESCUED FROM
HELL BY THE
HARROWERS.

NOW ONLY MOMENTS AWAY FROM
THE TRANSMUTATION OF
HIS SOUL, HE IS ABOUT TO
WITNESS A TRAGEDY...

GET
OUTTA
THE WAY!

...AND PARTICIPATE
IN A MIRACLE.

NO PULSE...
COME ON TIMMY-
'FRID THERE'S
NOT MUCH
ANYONE CAN DO
NOW.

WE GOT
A D.B. HERE.
BUS SHOCKED
HIM. REAL
GOOD.*

TIMMY!
WHAT THE--

*DEAD BODY.
--MIKE

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO YOU,
BOY?



I CALLED OUT,
BUT I WASN'T LOUD
ENOUGH.

I
ALWAYS
SCREW THINGS
UP.

NOT YOUR FAULT,
KID. NOW LET'S GO.



WHERE'D
HE GO?!

WHERE'D
HE GO?!





INSTINCTIVELY GAGE USES A POWER BESTOWED ON HIM BY THE GODDESS-- FIRST SEEING THROUGH HIS KITTEN'S EYES, THEN INSTANTANEOUSLY CHANGES PLACES WITH IT.





STEP
THROUGH THIS
DOOR AND I'LL
BITE OFF
YOUR PRETTY
HEADS.

Sis--RUN!
IT'S SOMETHING
FROM HELL!

NO IT ISN'T--
CAN'T YOU FEEL IT?
IT'S THE GODDESS--
MORTE MAMME!

SILENCE!



I'VE NO MORE PATIENCE WITH YOU. PERFORM THIS RESCUE, OR SUFFER MY WRATH.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

OH, MORTE MAMME! WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT KEY WAS FROM YOU!

HEY, MORTE MAMME! LET ME GO! MAAA

YOU HAVEN'T SENT ME ON NOTHING YET!

YES WE DID-- IT'S NO USE LYING-- BUT WE'RE SO SCARED OF THOSE GENDBITES.

PLEASE-- THEY'LL CATCH US AND MURDER US.

THEN YOU'D RATHER DIE NOW?

NICE ONE, GOODNESS. THAT JUST DID ME IN WITH THE OTHERS.

EARN BACK THEIR TRUST, VERA-- AS YOU MUST MINE.

SPEAK AGAIN TO ME IN THAT TONE, VERA WYSHAK, AND THE TWINS WILL BE AIDED IN THEIR DECISION BY BEING PRIVY TO YOUR BEHEADING.

THE SORDIDNESS OF YOUR PAST PREVENTS ME FROM SENDING YOU YET.

HOW WILL WE KNOW WHAT TO DO?

LAUNCHING
YOURSELVES
FROM THE
PROPER PLACE
WOULD BE A
GOOD START.

EVERY
POINT IN HELL
CORRESPONDS TO
ONE IN THIS
PLANE OF
EXISTENCE.

GET AS
CLOSE AS YOU
CAN TO THE
SOUL IN NEED
OF RESCUE HERE
BEFORE CROSSING
OVER. THIS WILL
KEEP YOUR
TRAVELING IN
THE DARK WORLD
DOWN TO A
MINIMUM.

REACH
INTO MY MOUTH,
LAVINIA.

SHOW TRUST
IN THE BEAST THAT
GUIDES YOU.

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE
TRIED TO GET OUT OF THIS... NOW
I'M GONNA LOSE MY HAND!

THE
GODDESS-- SHE'S
GONE!

ROCKETTES
Rehearsal
Schedule
5PM - 11PM
ROOM 103

Zip

HEY, VERA--

I'LL TELL
YOU MY SORDID
PAST IF YOU TELL
ME YOURS.

SHUT UP,
DUBLIN!

MAYBE YOU
BETTER FOLLOW HER,
GAGE.

KEEP
HER OUT OF
TROUBLE.

GO
AFTER
HER,
ZINC.

MEOW

ON A RAINY STREET—
DUBLIN, MORRIS STUMBLES
ALONG IN A SWIRLING
CHASM OF ALCOHOLIC
OBLIVION...

...UNABLE TO FORGET
MEMORIES OF PAIN
HE'S NEVER FELT,
TORTURES
HE'S NEVER ENDURED.

WHO ARE
YOU?

BUTCHER

ME IN THE
FUTURE—

--OR MY
BROTHER
NOW?

RYAN, MY TWIN—
I DON'T THINK I'VE
GOT THE STRENGTH TO
SAVE YOU...

BUT I
KNOW I CAN'T
GO ON WITHOUT
TRYING.

NOBODY GETS
MORE LONELY
THAN HALF A
TWIN.

BACKSTAGE, RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL!

ARMED ONLY WITH THEIR MAGIC ROPE, A KEY, AND THE NUMBER OF A DRESSING ROOM FOR THE ROCKETTES, THE TWIN MOVE BLINDLY FORWARD--

--TRYING HARD TO PUT THEIR TRUST IN A GODDESS FOR WHICH THEY FEEL ONLY FEAR.



YOU THINK ONE OF THESE DANCERS IS MORTÉ MAMME?

WOULDN'T BE SURPRISING. WHMM-- ROOM'S JUST A STORAGE PLACE FOR PROPS.



HELLO, WHAT'S WITH THE ROPE?

IT'S TWITCHING.



IT'S GUIDING US LIKE A DIVINING ROD.

LOOKS LIKE THE SPOT. LET'S DO IT.



SWIRLING CHASM

THE ANCIENT CHANT UNLEASHES THE POWERS MOVEN INTO THE FIBERS OF THE GOLDEN ROPE AND A GATEWAY TO HELL APPEARS: A SWIRLING CHASM INTO OBLIVION.



WHY
ARE WE DOING
THIS?!

THIS IS
SUICIDE!
ALL THE OTHER
WARRIORS HAVE
WEAPONS--WE
JUST HAVE A
ROPE!

MORTE MAMME
WOULDN'T HAVE
KILLED US--
SHE NEEDS
US!

I'M
NOT SO
SURE.

I'M
FEELING PRETTY
DISPENSABLE
THESE DAYS.

NOW QUIET!
WE'RE ALMOST
THERE...

...WHEREVER
THERE IS.

HELL'S PARALLAX TO ROCKETTE
PROP ROOM # 203.

A MARBLE CHAMBER FILLED
WITH ACCESSORIES FOR
INDULGENCE AND TITILLATION.

TOOLS TO BE USED FOR
HELL'S PLEASURE--AND
MORTALS' PAIN.

OH MY!
SOMEONE'S
LIVING.
WELL.

LAYV--IS
THERE ANY RULE
ABOUT NOT
TAKING THINGS
WE LIKE BACK
WITH US?

SHHH!
HERE COMES A
CENOBITE!

'BOUT TIME
WE GOT SOME NEW
SLAVES.

GRAB A COUPLE
OF FANS AND FOLLOW ME.
THE QUEEN IS ABOUT
TO WAKE.

LAYV--THERE'S
NO WAY I'M GOING TO
FAN SOMEONE. IT'S JUST
NOT IN ME.



LOOK--HOW
SENSUAL! THIS
REMINDS ME OF ANCIENT
ROME!

OR THAT
FUN PARTY IN
AMSTERDAM.

LET'S GRAB
THE CLOSEST SLAVE
AND GET OUT OF
HERE!

NO, WE CAN
ONLY RESCUE WHO
WE'VE BEEN SENT
FOR.

OH,
MARC ANTONY--
I AM FOR YOU!
ONLY FOR
YOU!

WAKE UP
QUEEN CLEOPATRA.
QUIT LIVING IN
THE PAST.



WHAT?
YOU'RE NOT
ANTONY.

HER SCREAMS TRIGGER A WEB
OF CHAINS CONCEALED IN THE
CANOPY OVERHEAD.



HELP ME!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
WHAT HAVE I
DONE?

OH, THE
SHAME TO HAVE
BEEN KISSED
BY AN UNWORTHY
STRANGER.



ALLOW ME,
FACE, HELL'S
MASTER OF
RECONFIGURATION,
TO BE AT YOUR
SERVICE, YOUR
MAJESTY!

OH, TO BE
VIOLATED BY THE
Slobberings of a
COMMONER. HOW I
SYMPATHIZE WITH
YOUR MAJESTY.

ALLOW ME
TO RECYCLE
THIS UNWANTED
FLESH.



NO!
PLEASE--
LET ME
GO!

WE'D
BEST HURRY
IF WE'RE
GOING TO SAVE
HIM.

HE'S NOT
THE ONE.

LOOK--THE
SCARAB DESIGN
ON THE QUEEN'S
SHACKLE
MATCHES THE
ONE ON THE
KEY!



FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, *CLEOPATRA*, SOLI #645378537, HAS PERPETUALLY WOKEN FROM DREAMING OF HER BELOVED *MARG ANTONY* ONLY TO DISCOVER HERSELF PREY TO A PLEBEIAN'S KISSES.

OH DEATH,
WHY DON'T
YOU COME TO
ME?

YOU TWO--
YOU NEW SLAVES,
APPROACH!

THE DELAY OF HER
FEATURES MERELY
ADDS TO THE
HUMILIATION OF
ONE WHO USED TO
BE THE MOST
DESIRED WOMAN
IN THE WORLD.

TAKE MY
LIFE--

I
COMMAND
YOU!

MORTE MAMME
HAS SENT US TO
RESCUE YOU. SHE
HAS THE POWER TO
PURIFY YOUR
SOUL...

...THEN TRANSFORM
YOU INTO WHATEVER *BEST*
FITS THE *NATURE* OF
YOUR INNER SPIRIT.

MAGGOTS--
SHE MUST BE IN
AGONY!

WE CAN
HELP YOU--
BUT ONLY
IF WE'RE
ALONE.

CLAP!

THIS
IS THE
KEY.

I
ACCEPT
THIS
FATE--

MY QUEEN--
LOOK WHAT I'VE
FASHIONED FROM
YOUR UNWORTHY
ADMIRER.

WE'LL BE
FOREVER AT
YOUR FEET
WHERE WE
BELONG.

--IF I MAY BRING
WITH ME THIS FLASK
OF PERFUME.

GAAAACKKK

PLACE
HIM WITH THE
OTHERS.

THESE
TWO WILL MAKE
A LOVELY
SET OF END-
TABLES.

THE
GODDESS'S
ROPE; I CAN'T
CONTROL IT.

WHAT
IMPULSIVE
IS THIS?

UPHOLSTERERS-
TAKE THEM FOR IMMEDIATE
ALTERATIONS.

OID!

I'MMMM
HERE!

READY TO
MAKE A FEW
ALLTERATIONS
OF MY OWN!

CENOBITES THRIVE
ON ORDER.

FOR THEM, THAT WHICH OPPOSES
ORDER IS DISORIENTING.

LOVE...

...BUMPER CORP...

PROBABLY--
BUT WHEREVER
WE END UP
IS BETTER THAN
HERE.

BRING
MY FLASK OF
PERFUME!

SIS--
DIDN'T IT
MATTER THAT
THIS /S/N'T
WHERE WE CAME
IN ?

...A BABY'S
FLATULENCE.

DON'T
WORRY, YOUR
HIGHNESS,
I'M THE
SAME WITH
MY FAVORITE
SCENTS.

THE WINDOW BETWEEN HELL
AND EARTH REMAINS OPEN
BUT A MOMENT—

STOP
THEM!

LUCK—
QUICK! USE
YOUR END OF
THE ROPE TO
TIE US ALL
TOGETHER!

WE'RE
GONNA
DIE!

EEEEAA
HOW
WILL THAT
HELP?

JUST
DO IT!

BOTH OF
YOU, GRAB MY
HANDS!

IF WE
CAN FORM A
CIRCLE,
WE CAN OPEN
ANOTHER
PORTAL!

GIVE ME
MY FLASK!

I WANT
IT IN MY
HANDS
BEFORE I
PERISH!

THE SEAL OF CLEOPATRA'S
FLASK BREAKS—AND A
SENTIENT BLUE
FOG SEEPS FROM THE CRACK.

OVID—IF YOU
CAN HEAR ME, TELL THE
GODDESS THAT AT LEAST
WE DIED TRYING.

I KNOWWWW
YOU TRIEEDDD.

SO DOES
SHE.

THAT'SSSS
WHY...

LLICINDA, YOU
SHOULD PUT MORE TRUST
IN YOUR TWIN. THE CIRCLE
WOULD HAVE WORKED.

CLEOPATRA
COMES OF HER OWN
VOLITION?

YES. SHE
DIDN'T NEED MUCH
CONVINCING.

I'M TO BE
REINCARNATED--
PERHAPS AS A GODDESS
MYSELF?

SUCH
GALLANTRY DESERVES
ASSISTANCE.

YOU'RE
IN SAFE
HANDS
NOW.

I
COULDN'T
SAY.

I'VE
ONLY THE POWER
TO PLANT
THE SEED
OF CHANGE, NOT
GROW IT.

YOU'VE TWELVE HOURS BACK AMONG MORTALS BEFORE YOUR TRANSFORMATION.

TREASURE THEM—THEY MAY BE YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY FOR PHYSICAL SENSATION.

THEN I CHARGE YOU! MAKE ME BEAUTIFUL AGAIN.

RETURN ME FOR A NIGHT, NOT A DAY—WEARING THE GOLDEN DRESS OF MY CORONATION.

WHAT A DEMANDING *@!#!

SHE'D BEST BE CAREFUL! MORTE MA'INE DOESN'T TAKE KINDLY TO DEMANDS!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MY HARRORS.

ROYALTY HAS EVEN LESS USE FOR HUMILITY THAN SPOILED CHILDREN OF WEALTH, SUCH AS YOURSELVES.

I FIND IT ENCOURAGING THAT YOU RECOGNIZE HOW UNATTRACTIVE IT IS.

FORGIVE ME, ONLY—I WISH TO INDULGE IN THAT WHICH HAS BEEN DENIED ME FOR SO VERY LONG.

WE'RE PRIVILEGED, NOT SPOILED—THERE'S A DIFFERENCE!

KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE QUEEN. THERE ARE HIDDEN FOLDS IN THE FABRIC OF ONE SO GREAT.

DOWN IN ALPHABET CITY, ANOTHER CLOSE WATCH IS BEING KEPT—ON VERA.



WHAT DO YA THINK, ZINC? SHE REALLY GOIN' SOMEWHERE, OR SHE JUST BLOWING OFF STEAM?



YOU GET WARM IN
MY POCKET, BUDDY.

I'LL
USE MY
EYES FOR A
WHILE.

THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM...

...SELECTED BY A GODDESS
SENSITIVE
TO CULTURE SHOCK.

OH GODS OF
ISA AND MAIZE, IN THE
NAME OF LOVE, I CALL
UPON YOUR AID IN
RENOUNCING
MY SPELL CAST SO LONG
AGO.

WHAT'S
SHE
TALKING
ABOUT?

HAVEN'T
A CLUE.

SLAVE-GIRL,
THE FLAG.

I'M
NOT A
SLAVE-
GIRL--

--BUT
ABOUT YOUR
PERFUME, I
MEANT TO TELL
YOU THAT
WHILE WE WERE
FALLING...

SILENCE.
STAND AWAY!
YOU ARE OF NO
IMPORTANCE TO
ME NOW.

ANTONY--
USING THE
POWERS OF THE
MELD-SOUL, I
WILL TAKE THE
SMOKE OF YOUR
ESSENCE AND
RETURN YOU TO
YOUR VIRILE
HUMAN
FORM.

AT
LAST MY LOVE,
WE WILL BE
REUNITED
ONCE MORE!

BY THE
FIVE-FOLD
CONQUERERS
OF ORO, I
CHARGE
THEE...

"THE SPIRIT OF
MARC ANTONY,
COME FORTH."

ANTONY?

YOU ARE ANGRY
WITH ME, AND FURNISH
ME WITH RETICENCE.
FORGIVE MY
ACTIONS—I HAD LITTLE
CHOICE.

MY EMPIRE
WAS CRUMBLING,
AND MY ONLY
ROUTE OF
ESCAPE WAS
THAT OF A
MAGICAL BOX
OFFERED TO ME BY
A SLAVE.

I REDUCED
YOU TO SPIRIT
FOR WHAT I
THOUGHT WOULD
BE ONLY HOURS
WHILE WE WERE
SECRETED TO
SAFETY.

INDEED THE BOX
OPENED A SECRET DOOR,
BUT ONE INTO A WELL FROM
WHICH, UNTIL NOW, THERE
WAS NO ESCAPE.



EMPTY?!



THAT'S WHAT MY
SISTER WAS TRYING
TO TELL YOU.

LUCINDA
SAW SOME
BLUE SMOKE
LEAK OUT
OF YOUR
FLASK WHILE
WE WERE
FALLING.

THAT
WAS MARC
ANTONY?

YOU FOOLS!
FIND HIM FOR
ME!





IF NOT FOR ME, FOR ALL
THE LIVES OF THOSE THAT WILL BE
DESTROYED BY THE WARRIOR SPIRIT
OF MY ANTONY.

HIS IMPRISONMENT HAS
GORGED HIS ROGE, AND GIVEN
HIM AN *INSATIABLE* APPETITE
FOR VIOLENCE.

BE WARNED!
IF HE FINDS HIS
WAY INTO A PHYSICAL
FORM--WE WILL BE
UNSTOPPABLE!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT NEAR
THE CORNER OF
CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
AND PARK AVENUE...

...A LIVING, BLuish VAPOR
WISPS AROUND A FOUNTAIN
AND A MARBLE STATUE.



CHIPS OF STONE
REPLACE THE
SPRAY OF WATER.

THE MARBLE LEG
BENDS AT THE
KNEE--



IT'S A BOMB!

--THE SEVERED
TORSO
CROUCHES--

THEN LEAPS.



AAAAHHH!
IT'S ALIVE!



THE GROUND SHAKES WITH EACH
STEP OF THE FEET OF STONE.



THE REBUILDING
OF MARC ANTONY
HAS BEGUN!

MEANWHILE--IN A BAR
WHERE STREET GANGS
REST UP BETWEEN
MUGGINGS AND
RAPES...

...VERA WYSHAK TAKES ON
THREE THUGS IN A
GAME OF EIGHT
BALL.



SNOWMAN,
RIGHT CORNER
POCKET.

ZINC'S EYES
GROW WIDE--



--AS GAGE'S
MIND'S EYE PEERS
THROUGH THE
KITTEN'S EYES.

OH NO!
SHE BET HER SACRED
BOOMERANG
AGAINST THAT BIG
GUY'S GUN!

GET
CLOSER, ZINC--
SHE'S GONNA
NEED US!

BOY--
I WISH TAKIN'
A GUN FROM A
GORILLA...



...WAS ALWAYS
THIS EASY

SORRY, BOYS-- BUT
A BET'S A
BET.

BLINK

HOLD HER
STILL.

THAT'S RIGHT,
THIS GUN BELONGS TO YOU
NOW, FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIVE--
WHICH ADDS UP TO 'BOUT FIVE
MORE SECONDS.

MY MISTAKE.
YOU KEEP IT.

COME
CLOSER, I WANNA
APOLOGIZE.

AFTER
I CLEAR MY
THROAT!

DANG! FORGOT--
MY SALIVA DON'T
BURN NOTHIN' BUT
CENOBITES!

PFOOO

GET HIM OFF
ME-- YOU KNOW I'M
ALLERGIC!



HOW ABOUT ME?
YOU ALLERGIC TO ME?



YOU'D BE BAD AT CHICKEN FIGHTS!



VERA WON--
NOT YOU!



I HATE BAD LOSERS!

COPS!
GAGE--DON'T
LET THEM SEE
ME!

GAGE LEADS
THEM OUT A
NEW EXIT--

--BUT NOT BEFORE ONE OF
THE POLICE DOES GET A
GOOD LOOK AT THE FACE
OF VERA WYSHAK.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

AFTER
ALL THIS
TIME...

...TO BE CONTINUED
IN ISSUE #4.